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The Mountaineers

ACT 3. Sc 3.

THE MOUNTAINEERS

THE MOUNTAINEERS;

A Play, in Three Acts.

BY GEORGE COLMAN, THE YOUNGER.

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DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

FIRST PERFORMED AT THE THEATRE ROYAL, HAYMARKET, 1795.

Octavian	Mr. KEMBLE.
Virolet	Mr. BARRYMORE.
Kilmallock	Mr. JOHNSTONE.
Roque	Mr. AIKIN.
Muleteers	Mr. BANNISTER, &c.
Lope Tocho	Mr. PARSONS.
Perequillo	Mr. COMERFORD.
Goatherds	Mr. PALMER, jun.&c.
Bulcazin Muley	Mr. BENSLEY.
Ganem	Mr. EVATT.
Pacha	Mr. WEWITZER.
Ali Beg	Mr. ABBOT.
Sadi	Mr. BANNISTER, jun.
Yusef	Mr. USHER.
Selim	Mr. COOKE.
Zorayda	Mrs. KEMBLE.
Floranthe	Mrs. GOODALL.
Agnes	Mrs. BLAND.

Moorish Guards, Goathherds, &c.

SCENE—*Spain; partly in the Town and Kingdom of Granada; partly in Andalusia.*

THE MOUNTAINEERS.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*A Moorish Garden in the Town of Granada; at one side, the Castle of Bulcazin Muley. A window in one of its towers overlooking the Garden. A Drawbridge, leading to the Castle gate.*

VIROLET *and* KILMALLOCK, *habited as slaves, discovered at work.*

Kilm. Count!

Viro. How now, noble Captain Kilmallock!

Kilm. I wonder if the ingenious gentleman that first hit upon digging tried it with as pleasant a broiling sun over his head as we have. By my soul! if he went to work with his jacket on, it would have warmed it pretty decently.

Viro. We are slaves, Kilmallock, and must submit. But we are soldiers of Spain—Christian soldiers—both our faith and our profession, when Providence inflicts calamity, preach patience to us. Murmurs are fruitless, brother soldier. The fickle goddess, Fortune, hears not the complainings of the grief-worn captive.

Kilm. Truly now, Count Virolet, I always understood the good lady was blind, but I was never before told she was dunny. Faith, and that I take to be the reason she has never been good-natured enough to listen when I have reminded her what a dirty devil she has been to me. First, I was tossed out of Tipperary into Spain—where I have fought these seven years under Ferdinand the Fifth, king of Castile and Arragon—till the thumps bestowed upon me by his Catholic Majesty's enemies, and be hanged to 'em! have belaboured me up to the rank of a Captain.

Viro. Right:—of Calatrava; of which gallant order I boast myself a member.

Kilm. Faith, and you may boast—for my own part, I never had the knack of it. But I have had the honour, signior, of fighting side by side with you, against the Moors of Granada, here.

Viro. And bravely too, good comrade.

Kilm. All's one for that. Well, now I have the honour of being locked up with you, in the garden of an old whisker-faced Arabian. We have been prisoners these three months. And here are a pretty pair of famous knights, that boast themselves of the gallant Order of Calatrava, with a bit of a shovel popped into their noble hands, digging away like two planters of potatoes.

Viro. Yet comfort thee, Kilmallock. Granada is close besieged. Our royal master, Ferdinand, has raised and fortified a town near to their

walls. His officers, of most approved prowess and expert command. His men (as report gives out), some fifty thousand strong; the flower of Castile and fair Arragon.

'Tis, as I hear, a well-stocked hive of war,
Teeming with close-compacted swarms of soldiery;
Who will so buzz about their Moorship's ears,
Yea, and so sting these thin-skinn'd Mussulmen,
That they will smart to death with't. Noble comrade,
Prove but their arms successful, and 'twill cut
A road to freedom for us. Yet that's doubtful—
There were indeed a shorter way. *(Musing.)*

Kilm. Och, then let us be after trudging that. If there are two roads, signior, out of captivity, I am always for travelling the shortest cut, because it bids fair to be the nearest.

Viro. Come, I will trust thee. I do know thee brave;
And in the breast where fire-eyed Courage rears
Her rugged throne, sure honour must inhabit.
Yet, dare I trust thee? *(Wavering.)*

Kilm. Dare you? Look you, Count Virolet! you dare do much!—for you are the first that ever dare tell me, to my teeth, he held my honour in doubt. Och, fire and oons, and Saint Dominick, to boot! Hark ye, Sir Don! I never was a hunter after other people's secrets, as I am not over-fond of keeping what doesn't belong to me. But I am an Irishman, mark you me; born a subject of his English Majesty—Heaven prosper the kings and the country, to the end of time!—and if any Spaniard, Frenchman, or else, dare trench upon our honour, by my soul we'll fillip them soundly, for venturing to call it in question.

Viro. Friend, were the merits of thy nation scann'd
From one particular, and thou the sample,
I should affirm thy countrymen all heart:——
Stuffed with such various manly qualities,
That it doth grievously perplex their heads
To find fit seasons when to exercise them.
He who doth take offence before 'tis meant,
Is in himself offending.—Sir, it dwelt not
Within my thought to anger you.

Kilm. It did not?—Give me a shake of your Spanish hand, signior. I entreat your pardon. Beshrew me. Count, I am as far from giving an insult wrongfully, as I am from taking one. And, if I am the sample you talk of, mark down this for my countrymen, if it please you.—If my head mischances to run itself, in the dark, against the feelings of another, my heart bids me go through fire and water for his service, by way of reparation.

Viro. The spirit of thy warm and kindly nature
Shines through thy speech, rough soldier. Hear me, comrade!
Thou know'st the Governor—

Kilm. What, the Moor—Bulcazin Muley, our master, as he calls himself?—as arrant an ould—

Viro. Your patience. This same Moor, who holds us captives,
Has one fair daughter, beauty's paragon!
Each evening, as the sun begins to sink
Behind the mountain's top, in yonder tower
She'll sit, and, in a simple Moorish ditty,
Pour forth a strain of native melody,
That doth enchant the ravished hearer's soul;
Outwarbling Philomel!

Kilm. And, certain, an afternoon's song is a mighty pretty refreshment for a gentleman who has been turning up the mould for eight hours together. But for the life of me, now, I cannot guess how it will give him strength to squeeze through the fortifications of Granada.

Viro. Yet, 'tis e'en so, Kilmallock; for this chant
Is but the burden of our true love's ballad.
Briefly, to sweet Zorayda am I sworn;
And she, fair saint, to me.—Some two months back,
Worn with fatigue, and leaning on my spade,
In pensive sort, under the cork tree's boughs,
That wave beneath the sullen turret's window,
A female hand, stretched through the lattice work,
Let fall a letter to me. Thus it ran:
"I am at heart a Christian:—from the slaves,
"You have I singled out:—bear me from hence,
"And fortune and Zorayda are yours."

Kilm. Och! the creature!

Viro. Oft to her window have I stole at dusk;
When from the tower a silken cord has dropt,
And thus, in mute exchange, we have conveyed
Our written vows;—for speech were dangerous.
Her father (chief about the Moorish king)
Holds the town's key in charge.

Kilm. The keys!

Viro. Ay, comrade—
Our projects ripen. She has willed me bring
A chosen friend, to back my enterprise;—
And thou art he whom I select, Kilmallock.

Kilm. Faith, Count Virolet, and you have chosen as handsomely as heart could desire. For the service of a fair lady, or a small matter of fighting, you may search the world over before you find any better prepared than an Irishman.

Viro. Day wears apace; and the cool evening breeze
Blows fresh and sweetly. [*Zorayda is heard from the window.*]
Listen!

SONG---ZORAYDA.

Bewailing! bewailing!
She sunk, heart-broken, on her pillow!
Her true love 's gone,
Cold, cold as stone:---
Poor Orra now must wear the willow.

Bewailing! all the night bewailing!
He lies in gore;
Her love 's no more:---
Poor Orra's tears are unavailing!

Kilm. Och, blessings on her pretty little Moorish throat!—She warbles, for all the world, as natural as a Christian.

[*A hand from the tower waves to Virolet.*]

Viro. Soft.—See, she waves me tow'rd the castle.—Comrade,
Tarry, I pr'ythee, near this spot awhile.
I'll cross the moat, and at the eastern gate
Try for admission.—I had near forgot—
Should Sadi pass along—the dapper Moor—
Who guards the slaves, and parcels out our labour,
Draw him aside. Zorayda's entreaty,
And love the patch doth bear a female slave,
Have won him to us. Should he play the churl,
As he is wont, then be this ring thy token,
And he will soften straight. Comrade, farewell!
Now fortune be my speed!

[*Exit, over the drawbridge.*

Kilm. What a recreation it is to be in love! It sets the heart a-hing, so delicately, there's no taking a wink of sleep for the pleasure of the pain. Cupid, as the poets feign, is stone blind: in troth, and they feign very truly:—Or this lady Moor (no disparagement to the Count) had never cast her eyes of affection on a Spaniard; and let a gentleman of Tipperary stand by, without bestowing a glance on him.—Yonder trots Sadi, head shepherd over the flock of slaves;—'tis near sun-set, and he comes to pen us all up in the man-fold!

Enter SADI, *followed by two Moors.*

Sadi. Out on't! I am sun-roasted, like an over-ripe fig, till I am ready to drop. It looks well now, that I drudge, and you stand idle. Are not you two placed under me, you lop-eared knaves you?

Moors. We are, good Sadi.

Sadi. O cry you mercy.—It seemed you had forgot the rule of office in all well-governed states.

1*st Moor.* What is it, Sadi?

Sadi. What is it, Sadi? Marry, this it is, sirrah! and see you note it. When large pay is given for high employment, 'tis the head man's care to take the money, and the deputy's to do the work. Therefore, show vigilance in your humble departments of labour;—as I, like my brother great men, give example of regularity in my more lofty task of receiving the profits. Remember 'tis the order of our master, Bulcazin Muley that ye look narrowly to the slaves.

2*d Moor.* I did ne'er relax; I hold the Christians in mortal hate: 'tis meat and drink to me to scourge them.

Sadi. Thou hast indeed, friend, a tolerable twist that way. Thy mind is of the true Mahomet kidney, with the right savage maw of a Mussul-

man. No one can lay to thy charge the guilt of humanity.—Go to—. have noted the diligence of your cruelty; and it shall go hard, but I will so order it that, ere long, your deserts shall be showered upon you in plentiful thickness.

2nd Moor. I thank thee, Sadi. I shall look for thy remembrance.

Sadi. Content thee, friend. Thou shalt shortly carry the marks on'tl How now, Christian—*(to Kilmallock.)*

Kilm. How now, Moor!

Sadi. You must away with me.—The sun is near abed.

Kilm. Faith, then, Master Sadi, I shall even walk this garden, a small half-hour, till he puts out his candle.

Sadi. Were I to choose now, I would deal with a dozen blustering captives, rather than one Irish or English. There is, as it were, a sort of a native kind of a steady, cool method of freedom about these islanders (as if it grew to them), that keeps its dignity better than any other nation of Christendom. Come on, sir—you must forward. *(Urging him on.)*

Kilm. Mark you me, Mr. Sadi, the Moor—but you must serve me—so you are safe. Indeed, when a man 's in captivity, and would seek favour of a rogue who has two more at his back, I don't hold it altogether wise to thump him into a kindness:—so, as I would be private here—here are a couple of doubloons (saved from the old plunderer your master) to leave me to my meditations.

Sadi. Why look ye, Christian—It pleased Mahomet, and my father, when they made me, to make me a Moor—my mother was an humble vassal here cooped up for life, like an old hen, in the castle; and they found me one morning, hatched in Bulcazin's house, a new bit of his live property. I was brought up from the shell, to the business I am put upon. It may not, haply, hit my humour to crow over the captives: —but if ever I take wing, and fly from the ground of my duty, trust me, Christian, I sha'n't be tempted to it with the scanty grains thrown in my way by the necessities of the unfortunate. Put up your money, Christian.

Kilm. Faith, and I will.—This is the best Bantam of the whole black brood of Granada! and I would that every gentleman of England discharged his trust with as much honesty and feeling as my friend here of the copper complexion. You will consent, then, honest fellow, to my taking a solitary trot here, without remuneration?

Sadi. I dare not. My master is severe—his servants pregnant with jealousy and suspicion. Each is even a spy upon his fellow. Were I found negligent, upon so slight a ground too, I could not answer it, 'twere danger of my place, my life, my—(*Kilmallock shows the ring*), eh ———umph—oh—hum!———stand back, you knaves, or———Zorayda! (*Whispering.*)

Kilm. Count Virolet—on to the castle. (*Whispering.*)

Sadi. Fellows, this fool 's refractory—I'll along with him to our master at the castle. Follow but to the next turning—then leave me, rogues —I'll manage him from thence, I warrant. Why, how now, sirrah! Face to the moat, you rogue! Oh, what you come about, friend, do you? On, slaves, on! [*Exeunt.*

[*Sadi driving Kilmallock across the drawbridge, to the castle.*

SCENE II.—*An Apartment in the Castle of Bulcazin Muley.*

Enter BULCAZIN MULEY, *and* GANEM.

Bulc. So great the Spaniard's army, say you? Why,
By Allah, Ganem, 'tis not credible.
It is a Christian fiction: I've no faith in't:
I have no faith in anything that's Christian:—
It cannot be.

Ganem. It is most certain, sir.
Our spy is new returned who took their number.
Last night, with 'vantage of the cooling breeze,
That stilly fanned the parched and sun-cracked earth,
King Ferdinand (before his new-built town,
That braves our walls,) in person did review
Full fifty thousand Spanish men in arms,
Lusty and fresh:—their polished coats of mail
Gleamed, in faint pride, beneath the silver moon;
Which hung, in maiden sorrow, o'er their heads,
As looking pale at man intent on slaughter.

Bulc. Now may the pestilent dew of vaporous night
Pierce to their marrow! sap their hated bones!
The flagging air blow hot and moist upon them!
May the high Prophet, who protects our battles,
Pour, from the ponderous and scowling clouds,
Deluge on deluge down! till the swollen Darro
O'erflood its limits; and the sodden Christians
Rot, like starved carrion, in the drowned field.
What, has the king sent for me?

Ganem. Even now.
He waits your coming, sir, at the Alhambra.

Bulc. Say I attend his bidding.—Stay; come back.
Evermore to and fro! ever more care!
Council, despatches, court, mosque, garrison!
Threading the city's avenues, to goad
The sluggish guard to duty;—then at night,
Eaves-dropping to entrap the mutineer;
Or plodding by the blue and paly lamp
In painful rumination. This it is
To be a governor!—A dogged mule,
That climbs the craggy mountain with his load,
Enjoys a life of ease to 't. I do envy
The vilest beast, that sweats beneath his burden;
For mine 's upon the brain. Dull, thoughtless hound!
Why art not gone?

Ganem. It was your will, so please you,
To call me back again.

Bulc. Oh, true, good Ganem!
Go to Zorayda, my daughter;—tell her,
Ere I go forth, I fain would speak with her.

[*Exit* GANEM.

There is another toil! to guard a daughter!
And watch the youthful shoots of disposition
In a green growing girl.
She has seemed sad of late: but yesternoon,
As I did question her, in casual talk,
When she had been at mosque, a stealing tear
Dropt from her cheek, upon my hand.—At mosque!
The silly fool is vapourish. Her mother,
That's dead, was Christian—umph!—Oh, Mahomet!
If that I thought 't were so, my scimitar
Should—pish! it cannot be. Sweet wench, I wrong her.

Enter ZORAYDA.

Zor. I am here, father; would you aught with me?
Bulc. Come hither, wench. I must to the Alhambra.
Should Giaffer arrive ere my return,
There is a writing, sealed up in my cabinet,
(This is the key,) you must deliver to him.
Why dost not take it, dreamer? My Zorayda!
Art thou not well? my child! why dost thou tremble?
Zor. 'Tis that your sternness terrifies me, father.
My heart's brimful, when you are kind to me—
And my eyes too:—no wonder, then, I tremble
When you speak angerly.
Bulc. My dear, dear daughter!
Cheer thee, my child! The duties which, of late,
Do throng upon me, may go nigh, belike,
To make me somewhat fretful. These vile Christians
Vex thy poor father, sore, Zorayda.
Would it not glad thee, wench, to see these dogs
Dragged through our town in chains?
Zor. No, trust me, father;
For when the captives pass that dig our garden,
Pining in wretchedness, and spirit-broken,
Poor hearts! I turn my head aside, and weep,
To see a sight so piteous. Surely, father,
When Heaven made man, it never was ordained
That he should make his fellow-creatures slaves,
And gall them with such cruelty.
Bulc. How now!
Dost lean to them! Observe me well, Zorayda—
I do misdoubt thee heavily; yea, heavily.
These Christians, on whose miseries your eye,
Lavish in baby bounty, drops a tear,
Have been our nation's scourge. This wretched corner—
This Moorish kingdom of Granada, here,
(A very patch on Spain's broad territory,
Which all was ours,) is that they have left us.

Therefore take heed. I could more readily
Suck poison from a cold and speckled toad,
And, as I drained his venom, think the bees
Distilled their mountain honey on my lip,
Than smother in my breast that rooted hate
I bear a loathsome Christian. Mark me, girl!
Thou art my heart's dear love: do not prove changeling:
Shouldst mingle with my heart's antipathy,
Unmoved, I'd see thee drooping on a death-bed,
And let my curse fall bitter on thee. Think on't;
And so farewell! [*Exit.*

Zor. Alas, the day, my father!
Couldst use thy daughter thus! and stab thine enemies
Through thy poor child! Those enemies could teach thee
A heaven-born duty in their holy writ,
(Unpractised here,) called Christian charity,
Worth all the Koran. How now, Agnes!

Enter AGNES.

Agnes. Haste you, madam!—Count Virolet is uneasy at your stay. He is stalking to and fro your chamber, to give his patience exercise.

Zor. Softly, beseech you! Why, he knew my father
(Who is but now gone forth to the Alhambra)
Sent for me on the sudden. Tell me, Agnes,
Are Christian lovers ever thus impetuous!
Trust me, I fear them rash, and sudden, Agnes.
Will they not tarry?

Agnes. Truly, madam, I am little skilled in them, I! my father kept me close at home, in Andalusia, till I should go as a lay sister to the Ursulines; and on that day, as we journeyed thither, the Moors, as you know, madam, pursued my poor father, and made me a slave. None have discoursed to me tenderly, but Sadi. I have seen little of Christian love; but I have often heard say it is not of the waiting sort. Will it please you to go, madam?

Zor. Ay, wench, and further too than it may please me.
Girl, here has been my father, loud in anger:
He has so wrung me with unkindly words!
And all about these Christians. Wert thou me,
What course wouldst thou follow, Agnes?

Agnes. I have but a shallow wit to advise, madam; but I would, for my own part, do like other Spanish girls, when they have opportunity.

Zor. And what do they when fathers are unkind?

Agnes. They run away, madam.

Zor. Beshrew me, now, my heart does sink within me—
Yet I can ne'er forget my mother's counsel,
As I watched by her on the night she died.
And there is something here that whispers me
I shall not be at peace till I am Christian.

Should Virolet's entreaty, and the harshness
I meet with here at home, hasten my flight,
Wouldst follow with me, Agnes?

Agnes. Follow you! Oh, the virgin! It shows little love to follow you into liberty—would I had the means to show more!

Zor. Wherefore, good Agnes?

Agnes. Because you have been kind to me. I was brought here a slave, torn from my poor old father. My heart had broke with sorrow, but for you, lady. You took me to you, and dried the tears, that ran trickling down my face, with words of comfort and compassion. My fortunes have been always humble, lady; but I can be grateful and trusty; and I should be weary of my life if I forgot to love those whose charity and goodness had preserved it. I would follow you through the world, lady.

Zor. Sweet heart, I thank thee! listen to me, Agnes.
My father will return anon; meanwhile
(A chance which never may befal again),
I have his cabinet in charge—he keeps
The key in it of the little western gate,
Through which, in private, he is wont to pass
Forth from the city. Virolet has moved me
With reasons strong, and honey-sweet persuasion.
If zeal and earnest movements of the soul,
Which bid me shun the path of unbelievers,
May plead a maid's excuse, for leaping, thus,
Beyond the pale of seeming, surely, Agnes,
I may be bold to venture. Oh, my father!
We must away to-night.

Agnes. To-night, lady!

Zor. Or never, girl.

Agnes. What—and unprotected, madam!

Zor. No, Agnes; Virolet will guard us.

Agnes. True, madam; yet he is but one—and in the night, madam, I am apt to feel disheartened. I could wish now—

Zor. What, girl?

Agnes. Why, of a truth, then, madam, if Sadi went with us, methinks I should feel more valiant.

Zor. Take heed, good Agnes; search thy bosom well:
Nor draw this half-converted Moor along,
To swell thy giddy pride, and woman's lightness.
My purposes are pure and solemn, Agnes:—
Did not a holy light direct my course,
Not all the love which I do bear to Virolet
Could tear me from a father: therefore, Agnes,
Probe to thy heart: if thou dost find it steady
Unto this Moor, bring him away with thee;
Else sully not my sacred enterprise
With ill-beseeming levity. Anon,
Thou'lt find me in my chamber. [*Exit.*

Agnes. What a world of pains it saves to have one's mind ready made up to be married at short notice! I had lost, else, the time for my journey, in debating on the fitness of my company. Heigho! I would my Sadi were a shade lighter. No slave-driver in all Granada has a sweeter disposition. Father Sebastian, a captive here, good soul! says, that when a Moor turns Christian, faith will work anything—I wonder if it ever whitens the skin. 'Bating his complexion, Sadi is a proper man, with the best curled hair of any in Spain. Would the evening muster were over, and the guard placed for the night!

SONG.

When the hollow drum has beat to bed;
When the little fifer hangs his head;
Still and mute,
The Moorish flute,
And nodding guards watch wearily;
Then will we,
From prison free,
March out by moonlight cheerily.

When the Moorish cymbals clash by day,
When the brazen trumpets shrilly bray,
The slave, in vain,
May then complain
Of tyranny and knavery.
Would he know
His time to go,
And slily slip from slavery---

'Tis when the hollow drum has beat to bed;
When the little fifer hangs his head;
Still and mute,
The Moorish flute,
And nodding guards watch wearily:
Oh then must he,
From prison free,
March out by moonlight cheerily!

Enter SADI.

Sadi. Hist! hist! Agnes! whither away!

Agnes. Sadi, I was going to the lady Zorayda. Thou art come to my very wish.

Sadi. To see what luck is? That the appearance of a man Moor should tickle thus the inclination of a little she Christian! Didst really wish to see me, Agnes?

Agnes. You have been always welcome to me, Sadi; ever since you brought me the little purse of piastres, to send to my father, who is in want. Though the lady Zorayda's bounty prevented my taking it, I love thee for thy heart, dearly, Sadi.

Sadi. I doubt now, whether that be not the best thing about a man, that a wench can take a fancy to, after all. Should a knave, that could be flinty-hearted to a poor girl in distress, fall in my way, and propose to chop natures with me, I would not change with him, though his face were as white as a cauliflower. Kiss me, Agnes: *(Kisses her.)* 'Tis thus I have been converted.

Agnes. Nay, now.

Sadi. By the mass it is true. Had forty fat monks failed in preaching Mahomet out of me, thy lips, Agnes, would convince me.

Agnes. Pr'ythee, listen—the lady Zorayda will away to-night.

Sadi. I guessed as much.

Agnes. Ay, marry, why so?

Sadi. There is a captive waits now for Count Virolet—his sworn friend—who is to be partner in the flight. He seems well fitted for danger and secrecy. He is both brawny and faithful. I had brought him hither, but I was told you were here, Agnes.

Agnes. Well, Sadi, thou know'st I am trusted with all.

Sadi. True:—but to be plain, he is of the Irish nation; and when a man would talk business with a female, those of his country are noted for taking off her attention.

Agnes. Out on thee! thou wouldst turn jealous shortly. Well, night is near; and when I am away with the lady Zorayda, thou wilt think kinder of me.

Sadi. How!—what!—what, dost thou go with her, Agnes?

Agnes. Surely.

Sadi. What, and leave——umph!

Agnes. Wouldst have me tarry behind when my good lady is in danger, and lose too the means of freedom? Thou know'st that—why what is it ails thee, Sadi?—art not well?

Sadi. Yes—nothing—'tis a—'tis the cholic, Agnes. To-night, said you?

Agnes. Ay, Sadi:—and here—I have a little rosary; you shall keep it for my sake: let me tie it on thy neck—So—thou'lt think of me now sometimes, when thou lookest at it, Sadi?

Sadi. Agnes, I—I cannot well speak at present. I thought we had bid fair to stick together through life. I will not upbraid you. Alla bless you, Agnes! and should you meet a lighter-skinned lover, may he be as fond and as faithful as the poor dusky fellow you leave broken-hearted behind you!

Agnes. Nay, but, Sadi—

Sadi. Farewell! I looked shortly to have been taken to be christened, had you proved steady to me. I am now neither Moor nor Catholic; and should thy unkindness wear me to the grave, I can claim little better than piebald burial. Go, Agnes, and happiness be with you!

Agnes. And when I go a step without you, Sadi, may I never know what 'tis to be happy again!

Sadi. Eh!—

Agnes. Oh, my poor, dear Sadi!—forgive the pain I have put thee to; but you seem jealous of me, Sadi: and in punishing you for 't, beshrew me, now, but I have punished myself.

Sadi. Now could I be displeased in my turn, were I not glad to be angry. Your hand, Agnes,—I have offended, and thou carriest the whip. Do not fear finding me guilty again: for thou hast, now, laid it on so tightly, that were I to live a thousand years, the smart on't would never out of my memory.

Agnes. Comfort thee, Sadi. The lady Zorayda has consented that thou shouldest along with me. Liberty is now before me, and as thou lovest me, let us away. Prepare thee quickly, for night is coming on.

Sadi. Farewell, master! I will pack up straight. With five years' pay, a true heart, three shirts, Christianity in my head, and thee under my arm, will I, this night, take a long leave of Granada. Hang care, and a guitar at thy back, Agnes, and we'll jog merrily over the mountains into Andalusia.

DUET.—SADI *and* AGNES.

Sadi. Oh! happy tawney moor!---when you, love,
Climb the mountain with your true love,
Will you, by the way,
The music play?
Your sweet guitar a-tinkling, Sadi
Listens to his Spanish lady.
Tang, tanki, tanki, tang, tang,
Tanki, tanki, tay.

Agnes. Oh! bonny tawney moor! together,
As we brave the wind and weather,
Won't you, by the way,
From Agnes stray?
While their guitars are tinkling, Sadi,
Love no other Spanish lady,
Tang, tanki, tanki, tang, tang,
Tanki, tanki, tay.

Sadi. Cease, pretty Agnes, cease;---no beauty
E'er could draw me from my duty.
Let them, all the day,
Their music play.

Agnes. Then my guitar a-tinkling, Sadi,
Follow now your Spanish lady.
Tang, tanki, tanki, tang, tang,
Tanki, tanki, tay.

BOTH.

Agnes. Then my guitar, &c.
Sadi. Her sweet guitar a-tinkling, Sadi
Follows now his Spanish lady.
Tang, tanki, tanki, tang, tang,
Tanki, tanki, tay.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*The Bavarambla (or market-place) in the town of Granada.*

Enter the Moorish Guard, Officers, &c., with Standard and Pikes.

Pacha. Ali Beg!

Ali. Here, my Pacha.

Pacha. Ali, having this day raised thee from the ranks, 'tis fit I do commend the care with which thou hast drawn forth the soldiery. How long hast thou borne arms, Ali?

Ali. Five-and-twenty years, so please you, the last moon of Moharram.

Pacha. And see, thou art now promoted. Mark, Ali, the advantage of the Mussulman army. While the worn-out Catholic soldier retires, that

a younger man may fill his place, then is the happy Moor advanced to all the glorious fatigues of duty. His aching bones never draw upon him the neglect of his officer, who heaps threefold employment upon his aged shoulders, in reward of his past service! Thou hast now, Ali, the full pay of thy deceased predecessor.

Ali. Thy slave thanks thee, noble Pacha!

Pacha. Out of which, Ali, thou hast simply to maintain his four widows, left behind him.—Bless thyself, Ali, that thou art born to fight under Moorish leaders, who are distinguished by such charity as is never thought of in a Christian army. Is each man here according to the roll?

Ali. All.

Pacha. I will first address them; then, Ali, march them to their posts for the night.—Moors and soldiers! under the renowned Mahomet, Boabdili, Chiquito, King of Granada! 'Tis the regard of your commander now cautions you that you relax not from your charge. My tenderness bids you be vigilant through the night, that ye may escape the bowstring to which I should, otherwise, sentence you, in the morning. The true soldier thinks his duty a pleasure; and none of you, my honest fellows, on pain of death, shall forego the pleasure of your duty. The Spaniards, who besiege us, are Christians. You are Moors. Remember, then, you fight in the cause of your religion:—maintain its amiable doctrines to the last, and show your enemies no mercy!—Now to your watch:—Where, out of kindness, I forbid you to fortify your stomachs against the raw air of the night; for he who lifts wine to his mouth, my worthy friends, speedily loses his head.—Strike and away.

Grand Chorus of Moorish Soldiers.

The sun is sunk:---and, from afar,
See the pale bright evening star!
Soon the wolf begins to prowl;
Soon the shrilly screeching owl
Through the air her death-wing claps,
And at the sick man's window flaps;
While on the rampart strong and steep,
Their silent watch the sentries keep.
Hark to the heavy-rolling drum!
The hour of nightly duty 's come.
Lusty Moors! Obey command!
March to your posts, and take your stand!
March! [*Exeunt.*

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*The inside of a Venta (or Spanish Inn), in Andalusia.*

A stable-door in the back scene—over it a hay-loft. A lamp against the wall. A fire in the midst of the room. Muleteers discovered, drinking.

Enter Lope Tocho *(the Host).*

Tocho. Bravely pulled, gallants! and merrily! Of all the worthy tuggers at a bottle, give me your noble gentlemen carriers! who wile away

the heavy hours in the amusing exercise of driving mules over the mountains.

1*st Mul.* Certain, mine host, in respect to deep drinking, we muleteers have hard heads.

Tocho. Nay, that ye have. Ye are a pack of the hardest heads of any in Spain. Fifteen years have I been host of this Venta, at the foot of the Sieria de Ronda. Tocho is my name,—Lope Tocho, of the province of Andalusia. I live by the hunger and thirst of the traveller, and keep a yearly account of my thanks due to stomachs and throats; and in striking my balance, gentlemen, I find the generous maw of a gentleman muleteer calls for five times the food of the best grandee that journeys the country. Worthy signiors! I am your sweet throats' and stomachs' debtor and servant *(drinks)*.

2*nd Mul.* Methinks, mine host, the kid you gave us at supper had somewhat of an unsavoury smell with it. It did, as it were, stink most abominably.

Tocho. I know not well how that could be, signior! for I have bestowed wondrous pains on it these weeks past, to keep it sweet. For delicate eating, and right Malaga, there is not an inn can match me between this and Antequera—verily, not one.

3*rd Mul.* 'Tis a wild road thither.

Tocho. You will not set eyes on a house till you reach the town, signior. 'Tis some league and a half over the mountains, and affords, truly, but indifferent accommodation. Here's to your good entertainment on the way, signiors *(drinks)*.

1*st Mul.* Hast any news stirring in these parts, honest Lope?

Tocho. War, gentlemen—war with the Moors. We are here on the skirts of their kingdom of Granada—and in the very heart of those skirts, as I may say, King Ferdinand of Castile and Arragon does now most closely stick. St. Jago be his speed, say I! I could never away with these infidels. Theirs must needs be a devil of a religion that forbids the drinking of wine.

2*nd Mul.* One cup to the Christian cause, mine host!

Tocho. Right willingly. Confusion to the barbarous Moors! and may the king of a Christian people never want loving subjects to drink his prosperity, and give the enemies of humanity a drubbing! *(all drink.)*

4*th Mul.* I pr'ythee, Perez, as we passed through Cordova, didst bethink thee to get my pack-saddle mended for the blind mule?

3*rd Mul.* Truly, brother, I cared not to pay five good reals, when I may never chance to see them again.

4*th Mul.* *(starting up)*. Santa Maria! Reflect on the honour of a Spaniard! Death and my mustachios! Thou shalt not live. *(Draws his stiletto.)*

Tocho (interposing). Nay, gentlemen! Here 's a goodly work! Sweet signior of the mules, you mistake him. Honour is a delicate matter—he could not mean it. Noble driver of the beasts, be pacified.

4*th Mul.* Wound my integrity! 'tis dearer to a Spaniard than life. 'Tis an affront cannot be mended.

Tocho. It shall, honourable signior, and your pack-saddle too. Good friend, throw the cold water of your repentance on the fire of his anger. Come, 'twas a hasty speech: say so, and be friends.

3*rd Mul.* Well, I——I meant not to wound his honour.

Tocho. See there, now!

4*th Mul.* I—I am content:—but remember, in future, brother, what is due to a Spaniard. Insult him, and he will compass the globe for revenge. Your hand: my honour is satisfied: we will clean our mules together, in fellowship, as usual.

Tocho. By Our Lady, 'tis sensibly said! many a noble life has been lost, on a point of honour—no more difficult to be settled than this. Another cup to drown animosity.

1*st Mul.* Content; and then to rest. 'Tis deep midnight, and we must rise betimes, on our way to Ubeda.

Tocho. Mass, you muleteers, in the way of pleasant travelling, have a wearisome life of it.

1*st Mul.* The grandee, mine host, that sleeps upon down, dreams little of our hardships. Yet we can be merry, too. Let us troll a round, and then go stretch on the straw.

GLEE.

Mul. You high-born Spanish noblemen, you dons and cavaliers!
Ah! little do you think upon the lowly muleteers;
To earn an honest livelihood, what toils, what cares we know!
Small our gain, great our pain,
O'er the hill, o'er the plain,
Parched with heat, drenched with rain,
Still the muleteer must go!

When darkness overtakes us, our mules to droop begin;
Fatigued and spent, what joy we feel to reach the wished-for inn!
We drain the wine-keg jollily, we toss it to and fro:---
While to sleep as we creep,
Maritones may weep,
That, when daylight does peep,
Then the muleteer must go.

(A knocking at the door of the Venta.—A voice calls without, "Soho! within there, ho!")

Tocho. Travellers, by Saint Dominick!—and, by the noise of authority, Perequillo; *(knocking again)* 'tis ever thus.—I never knew your great man on the wrong side of the House that ceased his clamour till he got in!

Enter PEREQUILLO.

Perequillo, look to the gate. Signiors, a good rest. That way to your straw chamber, gentlemen. *(Pointing to the stable-door.)*

1*st Mul.* 'Tis fit we be called betimes, mine host.

Tocho. Perequillo, knock at the gentlemen's stable-door by daybreak.

(Knocking still—Muleteers go into the stable.)

Out, you gaping rogue, run to the gate!

Pere. These travellers rob a good fellow of more sleep than the musquitoes. [*Exit.*

Tocho. I fear me, the tough old cock will never crow "daylight" again. Six years has he served me for a dial; and now must I twist his neck, to give these gallants a supper. Truth is, we are marvellously scant of provisions.

Enter FLORANTHE, *dressed as a Cavalier, leaning on* ROQUE.

Roque. So—cheerly I warrant!—Come, a seat now, quickly. Bestir, bestir!

Tocho. Is not his worship well?

Roque. Cannot your worship see?—a chair, you———(*Tocho brings a chair.*) So!

Flor. (*Sitting down.*) I faint, almost, with weariness.

Roque. Plague on your dark nights, and foul ways!—why dost not mend them?

Tocho. Truly, gentlemen, there be those in this quarter that might better the foul ways—but, for mending the dark nights, we are, I do confess, ill furnished with workmen.

Roque. Art furnished with a good bed, friend?

Tocho. The best in Spain. We are much and nobly frequented here, signior—we have, this night, a company of some twenty.

Roque. A murrain light on 'em! then they have occupied the bed-chamber.

Tocho. Why, as luck would have it, they repose in the stable. Each traveller, signior, to his fancy.

Flor. I would to rest, friend.—We have journeyed far:
At sunrise, we must needs set forth again.
I am nigh sinking with fatigue!

Roque. No wonder, poor heart!—My master's nag, friend, is the roughest-pacing beast in Spain. 'Twould tire a devil.

Tocho. Would not the Signior Cavalier please to refresh? I have the remains of a kid that is delicious—and we are denoted here for chickens.

Flor. Oh! I do loathe the very name of food.

Tocho. Loathe food!—This is a mighty simple youth.

Flor. Prepare my chamber, friend, and fear not you.
Though I betake me supperless to bed,
I will content thee (for I know the custom)
As I had banqueted.

Tocho. The youth is not altogether so simple as I thought him. Signior Hidalgo, your chamber shall be prepared straight. For an excellent supper, if you eat it not, 'tis your loss; which is hard: if you pay for it not, 'tis mine; which is harder—for I am a poor man, sir, that would willingly grow richer.

Roque. Away, you knave! and obey orders: see to the chamber—look to the horses, and return, anon, with some wine: my master is faint with travel.

Tocho. I shall, friend. This now must be a delicate bit of smock-faced nobility. Should Providence rain beards, 'twould do no harm to his face if his chin were thrust out in the shower. [*Exit.*

Flor. Now tell me, Roque,—how far is 't to the mountain?

Roque. We are nigh the foot on 't, lady—we had foundered by the way else. Heaven rest those tender joints! for they must needs ache, with jolting thus from Seville. My tough bones, though well seasoned in camps and marshes, are fairly bumped into a rheumatism.

Flor. I care but little for my aching limbs,
Did not my heart ache with them. The encounter
We look will follow this same pilgrimage
Makes me most sad, and heavy.

Roque. 'Tis strange, now, the labour some will undergo to encounter melancholy! and truly, I left Don Octavian in poor plight to amend the spirits of those who wish him well. What between love and loneliness, by living in the woods, he is clean an altered man. I was once enamoured of a pin-maker's daughter of Segovia, and found solitude did but increase my pain;—so I e'en cured myself on't, in three weeks, by keeping my mistress company.

Flor. Was 't in the wild part of the mountain, Roque,
Where late you saw Octavian?

Roque. Good faith, in the very bosom, here, of the Sierra de Ronda. With a full heart, and an empty bottle, was I trudging from Granada to Seville—to bring the sad news of my master, Count Virolet, your ladyship's brother, being taken by the Moors, when in crossing the mountain, here, among other game started by the way, I at last put up a man—(Don Octavian, as your ladyship knows) who sprung from a thicket, and flew from my sight like a wild duck.

Flor. Alas, for pity! after twelve long months,
To meet him thus again! Now hear me, Roque—
I think thou art attached to all our house;
For I have heard my late lost father say,
Ere thou couldst lisp thy service had begun in't.

Roque. If my mother's word may pass, lady, I held my first birth-day in't up four pair of stairs, in the right-hand garret that looks over the fish-pond: and if ever I prove thankless for being born in the one, I would I might, that moment, be dragged through the other.

Flor. Thou didst first trudge an urchin to the field
With my poor father:—lately thou hast followed
My brother Virolet. Though trained to arms,
And a rough soldier, Roque, I think thou canst
Extend thy honest love of this our family
E'en to a female of the stock.

Roque. A soldier, lady, can extend his love to the female of any family. But to you, Donna Floranthe, daughter of my old master, and sister of my young one! What would not I give now to see you beset with a good round dozen of your enemies! Well, I am getting in years—but they should have a taste of old Roque's skill in the cudgel, yet.

Flor. I do believe thee, Roque: therefore, good fellow,
To-morrow, when we seek this mountain's gloom,
Searching its caves, and tangled labyrinths,
Where the wolf nightly howls against the moon,

And lawless Plunder, on his hungry watch,
Lurks, meditating murder—then, good Roque,
Should any ill befal,—and Heaven knows
What may befal me!

Roque. What! Donna Floranthe! and I with you? They must fight hard, lady, that would harm you. An you take the road to dying, madam, by your leave I must go foremost.

Flor. I would not have it so, good Roque. Live thou,
Whate'er betide, to tell my simple story;
Lest slander blot a luckless maiden's fame,
And no one left to clear her memory.

Roque. Truly, madam, I am the worst teller of a story of any in Spain. I can only say that my old master, your father, bid you love Don Octavian; but as old gentlemen will sometimes change their minds, he, after a while, charged you to love another—which ill suiting Don Octavian's humour, he fairly ran his rival through the body; fled in despair; and hadn't been heard of for a twelvemonth—till I started him here in the woods: when coming to tell you the news, I found my old master (rest his soul!) at peace; you single; the wounded man recovered, and married to a rich one-eyed widow of Salamanca.

Flor. 'Twill be a faithful history, old soldier.

Roque. I trust not, madam; for I shall then proceed to specify that you went forth in search of your lover, and died by the way: which I hope, saving your presence, will be one of the roundest lies that ever found passage through the mouth of a soldier.

Enter Lope Tocho *with a bottle and glass*

Flor. Now, friend, hast thou prepared my chamber?

Tocho. 'Twould have done your heart good to see the warming-pan slide between the white sheets; you will sleep in aired snow, signior. Would it please you take a whet, ere you creep betwixt them?

(Offering the wine.)

Flor. Not a drop, host; I will to rest: and, Roque,
Get thee to bed. We must away at dawn, host.
Refresh thee, Roque,—and so good night, good fellow. [*Exit.*

Tocho. Do you not follow your master, to help him undress, friend?

Roque. That is *my* business, friend.

Tocho. By Our Lady, I never found a gentleman know his own business better, and do it worse! What may thy master be, friend?

Roque. That is *his* business, friend: but for me, I am a soldier—and have learnt somewhat in the wars.

Tocho. Ay, marry—I would fain know what it is.

Roque. 'Tis, when I see a knave thrust his nose into the business of another, to tweak it very lustily.

Tocho. Signior, I do reverence a soldier—but I never much cared to see him go through his manœuvres.

Roque. Follow. I shall to the loft, and turn in, an hour or two. Bring the bottle after me, and place it on the hay-tress, where I lay me down.

[*Exit up the ladder into the loft.*

Tocho. And if I carry my countenance near the finger and thumb of such a nose-tweaker again, I would my face might want a handle ever after. Oons! I shall dream of nothing, all night, but the huge paw of a trooper—Tweak! well—let him but lie one hour in the loft, and he'll be the best flea-bitten bully in Andalusia. [*Exit.*

SCENE II.—*The Sierra de Ronda.*

Enter VIROLET, ZORAYDA, *and* KILMALLOCK.

Vir. Love, not a word? Good faith, it is no wonder;
Thou must be sadly worn, Zorayda!
Sleep hangs upon those pretty eyes of thine,
And dulls their lustre. Art not wondrous weary?

Zor. The spirit, Christian, that did prompt my flight,
Will give me strength, I warrant, to endure it.
'Twere evil in me to forget my father—
But, were he now less heavy on my thoughts,
I should be found a stouter traveller.

Kilm. What a sweet little Moor it is! Och! she can never be her father's daughter. By Saint Dominick, count, this same escaping from fatiguing work is mighty hard labour.

Vir. A few leagues more, and we shall reach the town
That skirts this mountain. There, to horse again;
And thence to Seville: to my friends, Zorayda!
Where the strong power of our holy church
Shall seal my title to the sweetest convert
That ever yet abjured her heresy,
And sheltered in its bosom.

Zor. Would we were there! for though I have been told
Your duty teaches patience to the sufferer,
I fear this painful march may make me peevish;
And that were sinful. Do not mock me, love;
But I shall prove, I doubt, a sorry Christian.

Kilm. Oh! faith, you'll be as good as the best. I never knew a young Christian lady, yet, that was not impatient when she was going to be married. Well, this mountain is what they call the Sierra de Ronda—close to the borders of Andalusia—here we are in the middle of it—with as fine a prospect of a dark night, as a traveller would wish to look round upon.

Vir. Would our companions were come up! 'Tis strange
They loiter thus, Zorayda! I tremble in these wilds,
For my poor Agnes.

Kilm. And that copper devil, Sadi, too! Certain now, our horses foundered at the foot of the mountain, that he might stay behind to look after them:—and the girl sat down, weeping, by his side, to help him.

Zor. Poor wench! her heart is stored with kindness.

Kilm. Och, it's brimful. But this is the first time I ever heard squatting down to cry was the way to help a man to pull horses out of the mire.

Vir. Wilt forward, sweet? or shall we tarry for them?

Zor. Sooth, I am weary now—yet I could on—
And yet I could not. Shall I tell thee, love?
I could not leave this honest wench behind,
And sleep in quiet. She is humble-born;
But trust me, Christian, I do see no cause
Why I should blush in feeling for the lowly.
The peasant, pining on his bed of straw,
Should draw as warm a tear from melting pity,
As when a monarch suffers.

Vir. Lovely excellence!
Virtue, all sweet before, steals o'er thy lip
As the soft breeze that bends the modest rose,
Grown sweeter in its passage. Thou mayst preach
When rigid schoolmen fail, and win with gentleness;
Cause even shame to spread the proud man's cheek,
And make the world in love with charity.

[*Drum beats at a distance.*

Hark! heard you not a distant drum, Kilmallock?

Kilm. Faith, and it is a drum! It does a soldier's heart good to hear it thump—though to be sure, now, it is not quite so convenient. These Moors, though they are most of them penned up in Granada, keep skirmishing and trotting about all over the province. Friends or enemies, it isn't civil in them to keep a clatter at this time o' night, and disturb us lodgers in the mountain.

Zor. I sink with terror.

Kilm. Nay, that you shall not. It never shall be said, that a woman sunk in the hour of distress while a man stands by that can hold up her chin.

Zor. Let us not forward now, beseech you, Virolet:
Trust me there's danger in 't. Poor Agnes, too!
Seek me some covert in this tufted mountain,
Where, till the day appears, I may repose,
And rest in safety.

Vir. Come, Zorayda!
And the next bank, o'ercanopied with trees,
Must now, perforce, be thy rude lodging, sweet!
I and my comrade will watch near thee, cheerily!
So—cheerily!—All will yet be well.

[*Exeunt* VIROLET *and* ZORAYDA.

Kilm. I 'll hover about here, as an out-post. When a man watches in the dark, by himself, on a mountain, he 's rather apt to be lonesome; but if he chances to be upon duty there, to serve a friend, and guard female innocence, he needs but call in his own thoughts to be in mighty agreeable company. This love makes havoc with man, woman, and child! though of a truth, the passion is somewhat blunted in me since I left Tipperary.

SONG.---KILMALLOCK.

At sixteen years old you could get little good of me;
Then I saw Norah,---who soon understood of me,
I was in love---but myself, for the blood of me,
Could not tell what I did ail.
'Twas dear, dear! what can the matter be!
Och! blood an' ouns! what can the matter be!
Och! Gramachree! what can the matter be!
Bothered from head to the tail.

I went to confess me to Father O'Flannagan;
Told him my case---made an end---then began again:
Father, says I, make me soon my own man again,
If you find out what I ail.
Dear, dear! says he, what can the matter be!
Och! blood an' ouns! can't you tell what can the matter be?
Both cried out, what can the matter be!
Bothered from head to the tail.

Soon I fell sick---I did bellow and curse again,---
Norah took pity to see me at nurse again:
Gave me a kiss;---Och, zounds! that threw me worse again!
Well, she knew what I did ail:
But dear, dear! says she, what can the matter be!
Och! blood an' ouns! my lass, what can the matter be!
Both cried out, what can the matter be!
Bothered from head to the tail.

'Tis long ago now since I left Tipperary.
How strange, growing older, our nature should vary!
All symptoms are gone of my ancient quandary---
I cannot tell *now* what I ail.
Dear, dear! what can the matter be!
Och! blood an' ouns! what can the matter be!
Och! Gramachree! what can the matter be!
I'm bothered from head to the tail. [*Exit.*

SCENE III.—*Another part of the Sierra de Ronda. In one part of the Scene, a Cave overgrown with bushes; in another, a rude bank, with stumps of trees. (Daybreak.)*

Enter Two GOATHERDS.

1*st Goath.* See, yonder, where day peeps. Here is the cave, father: hang your wine-keg at the mouth on't, and then away to tend your goats.

2*nd Goath.* Poor gentleman! a sup on't may cheer his heart. *(Hangs the keg at the mouth of the cave.)* 'Tis sorry lodging to be tenant of this cave for a twelvemonth, as he has been; and trust to Providence, and us Goatherds, for board. That a civil, well-favoured cavalier should come to this pass!

1*st Goath.* Civil! plague on him! When a' met me, i'the dusk, as a' straggled a league from this, a' snatched a brown loaf from my hand, and gave me a shower of thwacks on my shoulders for payment.

2*nd Goath.* Alas! boy, that was in his mood;—his melancholy. 'Twill, as thou know'st, trouble him sore at times; but it rarely lasts.

1*st Goath.* Flesh! I know 'twill at times trouble others—and the soreness lasts a week after it. What affairs should call a melancholy gentleman, like him, to our wild mountains?

2*nd Goath.* Diego, I do think I have hit on't. I do think 'tis love has put him beside himself. Ask thy mother, boy, when she crossed me in wooing, how I would sometimes start from reason.

1*st Goath.* Troth, father, you have that trick still. I fear me you have been ill cured.

2*nd Goath.* Out, graceless! Hush!—dost not hear him stir?

1*st Goath.* Nay, then—come away, father; and leave your charity behind you! an he should be in his mood now, we might as well meet the devil. Run, old man, or melancholy will cudgel thee. Away, father! Away! [*Exeunt.*

Enter OCTAVIAN. *(From the Cave.)*

Octa. I cannot sleep. The leaves are newly pulled;
And, as my burning body presses them,
Their freshness mocks my misery. That frets me;
And then I could outwatch the lynx. 'Tis dawn.
Thou hot and rolling sun! I rise before thee!
For I have twice thy scorching flames within me,
And am more restless. Now to seek my willow—
That droops his mournful head across the brook:
He is my calendar; I 'll score his trunk,
With one more long, long day of solitude!
I shall lose count, else, in my wretchedness;
And that were pity. Oh, Octavian!
Where are the times thy ardent nature painted,
When fortune smiled upon thy lusty youth,
And all was sunshine?—Where the looked-for years,
Gaily bedecked with fancy's imagery,
When the high blood ran frolic through thy veins,
And boyhood made thee sanguine?—Let them vanish—
Prosperity' s a cheat—Despair is honest;
And will stick by me steadily—I'll hug it—
Will glut on't—why the greybeard tore her from me,
Even in my soul's fond dotage. Oh! 'tis pastime
To see men, now, tug at each other's hearts:
I fear not—for my strings are cracked already.
I will go prowl—but look I meet no fathers.
Now, willow!—Oh, Floranthe! [*Exit.*

Enter SADI *and* AGNES.

Sadi. A plague on all horses, mountains, and quagmires!—nay, keep a good heart, Agnes! Of all the roads to Christianity, this is the vilest that ever good fellow travelled. How fares it, Agnes?

Agnes. Oh, Sadi! I shall never live through this mountain.

Sadi. Nay, I warrant we'll do well. Do not flag—Do not give way, thus, for my sake. Consider, I must support you, Agnes,—and to see you thus, I can scarce support myself. I have had my load of vexation

ere now—but this is the first time I ever carried double; and I know not well how to bear it.

Agnes. Good faith, I do my best, Sadi—and I have one comfort left me still.

Sadi. Ay, I warrant—what is it, Agnes?

Agnes. Why, you are with me, Sadi—should fatigue wear me, and should I die in these wilds, you would close the eyes of your poor Agnes!—and I should go in peace, with one near me who has been so faithful to me.

Sadi. No, truly, Agnes, I could never do thee that office. Close thy eyes! I should have so much need to lift the napkin to my own, I could never see to perform it. What, thou art not faint, Agnes?

Agnes. Trust me, very faint, Sadi:—and sick—sick at heart.

Sadi. With fasting, poor soul! These mountains would tease hunger into a fever: there are eatables perched upon every bush, but not a morsel that isn't alive.

Agnes. Fainter and fainter!

Sadi. Rest you on this clump, Agnes—and if anything may be found near us, to comfort thee, I'll fight for it through a—eh! a Cave! and a keg hung at the mouth on't. *(Takes it down.)* Wine, by the Koran! To see what Providence will do for a Christian! Were a Mussulman fainting to death, this is the first thing Mahomet would kick out of his way. Drink, drink, Agnes! and much good may it do thy little heart! *(holds the keg to her mouth.)* How dost now?

Agnes. Sooth, it has cheered me;—but—

Sadi. Well?

Agnes. Will you not drink, too, Sadi?

Sadi. Now does conscience make a stir within me, to know whether I am qualified to sup this liquor or not. Dost think, Agnes, I am Christian enough, yet, to venture? I travel in a gap here, between two persuasions, till I shall shortly fall to the ground.

Agnes. Go to, man, thou needest it; and there is much virtue in good wine.

Sadi. Nay, an there be virtue in't—*(drinks.)* By Saint Francis, Agnes, thy religion is marvellous comfortable! Would we were safely settled in Andalusia! I shall make as chopping a subject for a christening as ever nurse put into the hands of a friar. Canst journey onward, think you, Agnes?

Agnes. Shall we overtake the lady Zorayda?

Sadi. Nay, that's hopeless. We are bewildered here, in the woods;—and must e'en give up thoughts of seeing her, till we reach Seville.

Agnes. Heaven send the dear lady be safe! I would fain, then, rest me, Sadi; for, in sooth, my legs fail me sadly.

Sadi. And here stands a cave, yawning as it would invite sleep. In, Agnes, and I'll keep guard. Truly, though the sheets be leaves, they promise to be well-aired; for they bear the print of one who has lately slept in them.

Agnes. You will not quit me now?

Sadi. I would quit life first. Should any venture to harm thee, they must taste what a Moor's dagger be made of. *(Puts Agnes into the cave.)*

Enter OCTAVIAN.

Octa. How now!

Sadi. Here is one willing to taste already. This now, by the costliness of his robes, must be lord of this mansion. What would you?

Octa. I would pass——
Deep in yon cave, to hide me from the sun.
His rising beams have tipt the trees with gold—
He gladdens men—but I do bask in sorrow.
Give way!——

Sadi. Mark you—I do respect sorrow too much to do it wilful injury. I am a Moor, 'tis true—that is, I am not quite a Christian—but I never yet saw man bending under misfortune, that I did not think it pleasure to lighten his load. Strive to pass here, and I must add blows to *your* burden;—and that might haply break your back:—for, to say truth, I have now a treasure in this cave, that, while I can hinder it, sorrow shall never come nigh.

Octa. Death! Must I burrow here with brutes, and find
My haunts broke in upon! my cares disturbed!
Reptile! I'll dash thy body o'er the rocks,
And leave thee to the vultures.

Sadi. Friend, you'll find me too tough to be served up to 'em. An they must dine upon one of us, we will see which will afford them a picking. *(They struggle—Agnes rushes from the cave between them.)*

Agnes. O Sadi!—for my sake!—Gentlemen!—hold!

Octa. Woman!

Sadi. Ay; and touch her at your peril!

Octa. Not for the worth of worlds. Thou lovest her?—Mark—
He who would cut the knot that does entwine
And link two loving hearts in unison,
May have man's form;—but at his birth—be sure on't—
Some devil thrust sweet Nature's hand aside,
Ere she had poured her balm within his breast,
To warm his gross and earthy mould with pity.

Sadi. This fellow now is like a great melon,—with a rough outside, and much sweetness under it. It seems as thou wert sent ragged ambassador, here, from a strange nation, to treat with the four-foot citizens of this mountain:—and as we are unknown in these parts, we will e'en throw ourselves on thy protection.

Octa. Some paces hence, there is a goatherd's cot,
Begirt with brake, and bush—and weather-proof—

Agnes. Let us thither, Sadi.

Sadi. Content.

Octa. I'll lead thee to't: for I am high in office
In Cupid's cabinet:—I bear the torch
Before the little god; and 'tis my care
To shield from peril true love's votaries.

Sadi. I knew he was a great man—but I never heard mention before of such a place of dignity. Along, good fellow! and we'll follow thee.

Octa. They shall not part you: for I know what 'tis
When worldly knaves step in, with silver beards,
To poison bliss, and pluck young souls asunder.—
Oh! wander, boundless love, across the wild!
Give thy free passion scope, and range the wilderness!
Crib not thyself in cities—for 'tis there
The thrifty, grey philosopher inhabits,
To check thy glowing impulse in his child.
Gain is the old man's god; he offers up
His issue to't,—and mercenary wedlock
Murders his offspring's peace.—They murdered mine—
They tore it from my bosom by the roots,
And, with it, plucked out hope! Well, well, no matter—
Despair burns high within me, and its fire
Serves me for heart, to keep my clay in motion.—
Follow my footsteps.

Agnes. Out, alas! his wits are turned. Do not venture with him, Sadi; he will do us a mischief.

Sadi. Truly the tenement of his brain seems somewhat out of repair; yet, if he brings you to a place of safety, Agnes—I know not whether we should take this crazy gentleman as a guide, or trust to reason;—which, indeed, is but a poor director of the road when a man has lost his way. Wilt lead us safe, now?

Octa. Be sure on't.

Sadi. Tuck thyself under my arm, Agnes. Now out, scimitar!—Bring us to this same Goatherd's, and thou shalt have the best acknowledgments gratitude can give thee. If thou venturest to harm *her (pointing to Agnes)*, I'll quickly stir the fire in thy bosom thou talkest of, and this shall serve for the poker. *(Showing his scimitar.)*

Octa. Should the gaunt wolf cross lovers in their path,
I'd rend his rugged jaws; and he should bay
The moon no more with howling. Thread the thicket——
Follow love's messenger. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Goatherds, and Spanish pastoral characters, male and female.

3d Goath. On, brother Goatherds! by the mass, 'tis broad day! and the blazing sun cries sluggard upon us. Up to the pens. Our goats will choke else—they have needed drink an hour ago.

4th Goath. Troth, brother, and so have we. When man has a call for refreshment, 'tis but fit beast should tarry till his better be served before him. We have walked a good half-league from home—let us wet our whistles, and then we will think on the horns and long beards of our old cuckoldy cattle.

SONG *and* CHORUS *of* GOATHERDS.

1st Man. Brother Goatherd, mark you me?
Pledge me, when I drink to thee.

Let us drain the skins of wine,
Till our ruby noses shine.
Mountain grapes, and mountain cheer,
Warm the merry mountaineer.

2nd Man. Let us push the wine about,
Till the last, last drop is out;
Then each Spanish man go
And dance the Fandango---
When jigging with lasses,
How sweet the time passes,
When mountain grapes, and mountain cheer
Have warmed the merry mountaineer!

Woman. Sluggish goatherds, haste away!
The drooping cattle mourn your stay.
Labour, till the sloping sun
Tells you that your work is done;
Then your rough brows with chaplets deck,
And trimly dance to the rebeck:
Then each Spanish man go
And move the fandango---
When jigging with lasses,
How sweet the time passes,
When work is done, and mountain cheer,
Warms the merry mountaineer! [*Exeunt.*

ACT III.

SCENE I.—*The Sierra de Ronda.*

Enter Bulcazin Muley, Ganem, *and Moorish Soldiers.*

Ganem. In truth, the men must rest, sir.
Bul. Must!
Ganem. Perforce.
This long and hurried march has made them faint.
We are all nigh to drop.
Bul. Here sink and rot, then—I will on alone.
Sluggard! the blisters, now, that gall thy feet,
Work upward to thy heart, and fester there—
Then thou wilt feel some touch of anguish in't,
Like that which thou hast fixed in mine. Thou base,
Unmindful slave! who, in thy master's absence,
Shouldst mark each fly that buzzes through his portal,
Thy vigilance must nod upon its post,
While a vile Christian steals away my daughter.
Ganem. Believe me, sir——
Bul. I will not, wretch, believe thee.
Thou art—Yes, Ganem—yes, I will believe thee.
'Twas all my daughter's doing—'twas her nature;
Her sex's wicked, wanton, subtle nature.

Sure our wise prophet thought his followers fools,
When he first promised woman for their paradise.
Collect the wide world's womanhood together,
And the huge zone that does encompass them
Will bind up half the plagues that vex mankind.
Heap them into a bulk, their airy falsehood
Would poise a solid universe. To fly me!
To fly her father—and so kind a father!
If somewhat rough—that was the trick of battles
Where I was bred. She knew I doted on her.
When I have thought on what would charm the sense,
Till it would almost ache with tenderness,
Great Alla knows, I have named thee Zorayda!
Then leave me thus—and break my poor old heart!
And with a Christian too—oh death and shame!
Should she now cross me, though she smiled upon me
Like twenty dimpled cherubims, my rage
Would tear her limb from limb, and her sweet form
Should scatter piecemeal through the desert.

Ganem. Sir,
I pray you be advised: think what is best
To cheer your fainting people on the march.
Your pardon, sir, but this same flow of passion,
Unnerving you, and harassing your men,
Defeats the purpose of your enterprise.

Bul. Check my full passion! happy, happy fool!
Thou know'st not a fond parent's agony,
Deserted by his loved, ungrateful child.
O my Zorayda! dear, shameless girl!
Thou art delicious poison to my sense—
Most sweet, and yet most deadly. Out upon thee!
To wind thee, like a snake, about my heart,
And sting as thou dost twine there. I could stab thee,
In stern and rugged justice; and affection
Would throw the wounded father on his knees,
To kiss the wound the much-wronged judge had made.

Ganem. Beseech you, sir, give order for your soldiery.

Bul. A pestilence upon thee! thou 'rt a fiend
That grudgest me my sorrow's luxury,
And goad'st me when I would indulge on torture.
Tell me, again, of what these filth endure,
I'll cleave thy body, downward, from thy head,
To teach them how to labour and be silent.

Ganem. Think, sir, it is in care alone for you
I pour unpleasing truth into your ear;
Which, like a nauseous drug to the diseased,
Is given to work your welfare. 'Tis my duty—
Sooth, sir, they cannot on.

Bul. Mad, senseless liar!
Thou gall'st me past endurance; and hast pulled
Thy death upon thee. *(Draws his scimitar.)*

Ganem. *(Kneeling.)* O sir, take my life!
It is not worth the keeping. I have followed you,
From infancy till now, in honest zeal—
'Twould grieve me, sir, to seek another master;
And, as my truth is grown displeasing to you,
'Twere best you bring my service to a close,
And e'en despatch me here, at once.

Bul. *(Softened.)* Why, Ganem—
I tell thee, Ganem—Pshaw! When we are formed,
So much of mother marks our composition,
It mars our manly resolution. Ganem,
I have a daughter—think on that, good Ganem!
And she has fled me. I do think thy counsel
Is kindly meant—but spare it now, good fellow;
My passions cannot brook it. Have we strayed?
Do we pursue their track?

Ganem. The peasant, sir,
Whom we did question at the mountain's foot,
Pointed this path to Ronda. Thitherward
Your daughter, as we trace it, must have journeyed.

Bul. They shall not rest. Have I not shared their labour?
He who first murmurs on his march, dies for it.
By Mahomet, I swear! if I do hear
A single Moor bewailing the fatigue,
His coward body suffers on the instant:
My scimitar shall search his body through!
March, slaves! away! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*The outside of a Goatherd's Cottage.*

SADI *and* AGNES *discovered before the door at a table, eating and drinking.*

Sadi. Truly, eating is a mighty refreshing invention! This olla podrida of our friend the Goatherd's, here, has a strange quality in 't of raising the spirits. What is the reason on 't, Agnes? I never swallowed a meal before that made me so merry.

Agnes. Out, you goose! 'tis the wine that thou hast drunk. Wine, thou knowest, comforts man, and makes him light of heart, Sadi.

Sadi. What an advantage 'tis to a Catholic to be able thus to cork up comfort, and carry his happiness about with him, under his arm in a flagon! Pour some of this light-heartedness down thy sweet throat, Agnes. Had I a hundred vintages of welfare, I would leave them all untapped, if thou wert not by to share them with me. *(Fill and drink.)*

Agnes. 'T is sufficient, Sadi. *(Rise.)* Thou knowest not the strength of liquor—too much on't would work to thy brain, and weaken reason.

Sadi. That must be because my skull is not, yet, altogether christian. It could never happen to a regular head to grow weak with having strength crammed into it. Didst repose well here at the Goatherd's, Agnes?

Agnes. Trust me, did I—but it had better pleased me had not you sat and watched, in the corner of the hut, while I rested.

Sadi. I could watch twenty years like a cat, to see you sleep so sweetly. What a pretty thing it is to be near the woman one loves when she 's taking a nap! and check one's inclinations of kissing her eyelids, for fear of awaking her!—Shouldst thou ever slumber at night with thy head upon my shoulder, Agnes, I wouldn't stir to disturb thee, though I were bit all over by a million of musquitos.

Agnes. Away, you giddy pate!—Thou wilt be a right follower of the bottle shortly—when the liquor mounts, then thou wilt flatter me—and prate nonsense, like the best Christian toper of them all.

Sadi. Why, look thee, sweet! Ere I loved a bottle—I loved a woman. And I am told he that sticks fairly to the one, seldom behaves like a knave to the other. My love for wine is but of a few hours' growth—yet though I was enamoured at first taste, I mean to stick by it with true Christian constancy—for it has let me into a secret, Agnes—ev'ry drop I take of it makes me find out how much delight I have in thy company—I grow fonder and fonder at every tipple.

Agnes. Ay; so it would happen, were any present but I.

Sadi. No, by Mahom—pish! that's a Mussulman's oath, and disgraces a mouth that has been washed with wine. By St. Dominick! then, sweet Agnes,—should all the beauties of Spain be collected together like a huge row of filberts, I would pick thee from the cluster, nor think another nut in the whole grove worth the cracking.

Agnes. Will thy love hold fast, now, after we are married, Sadi?

Sadi. Ay, marry will it, and never let go. 'Tis in my nature, wench. You might as soon think to scour me white as scrub my love out of me. 'Tis of the lasting kind, Agnes, like my countenance. Mine is your true passion in grain—and will stand its colour at all seasons.

Agnes. And if thy skin grows dusky as thy love strengthens, Sadi, I should think thee pretty, though thy cheeks were as dark as a raven.

Sadi. There is no accounting for the taste of a female. Were all woman of thy mind, Agnes, what a number of vain, copper-faced gentlemen would strut about among the girls in Christian countries! We should frisk it through the towns, as merry as dogs in a market—and dingy puppies would be as plenty as those of a lighter complexion. Shall we into the hut, and look to our poor crazy guide here?

Agnes. O Sadi, my heart bleeds for him! He will sit a while, and look stedfastly on nothing—and then groan as piteous, as though 'twould rive his very body. Would we could comfort him!

Sadi. I will pour a flask of wine down his throat—an' that comfort him not, he is past cure in this world, and must look elsewhere for consolation.

DUET.---SADI *and* AGNES.

Faint, and wearily, the way-worn traveller
Plods, uncheerily, afraid to stop!
Wand'ring, drearily, a sad unraveller
Of the mazes tow'rd the mountain's top!
Doubting, fearing,
While his course he's steering---
Cottages appearing,
When he's nigh to drop---
Oh! how briskly, then, the way-worn traveller
Threads the mazes tow'rd the mountain's top!

Though so melancholy day has passed by,
'Twould be folly, now, to think on't more:---
Blithe, and jolly, he the keg holds fast by,
As he's sitting at the goatherd's door:
Eating, quaffing,
At past labour laughing!
Better, far, by half, in
Spirits than before---
Oh! how merry, then, the rested traveller
Seems, while sitting at the goatherd's door!

Sadi. Who comes here?

Enter FLORANTHE *and* ROQUE.

Roque. Stand!

Sadi. Not the sooner for thy bidding—But when a blustering knave cries, Stand! I hold him to be little better than a cowardly fool that thinks of running away.

Roque. Art not a Moor, and an enemy?

Sadi. I have now near two full flagons of Christianity within me; but I am somewhat Moorish as to impatience—therefore parley courteously, lest you get nothing but dry blows in exchange.

Flor. Peace, peace, good Roque—and let me question him.
Tell me, beseech you, as you journeyed on,
Has it so chanced that there should cross your path
A man—good faith, it cuts my heart in twain
How to describe him.

Sadi. What kind of man?

Flor. Lovely as day he was—but envious clouds
Have dimmed his lustre. He is as a rock,
Opposed to the rude sea that beats against it;
Worn by the waves, yet still o'ertopping them
In sullen majesty. Rugged, now, his look—
For out, alas! Calamity has blurred
The fairest pile of manly comeliness
That ever reared its lofty head to heaven!
'Tis not of late that I have heard his voice;
But if it be not changed—I think it cannot—
There is a melody in every tone,

Would charm the tow'ring eagle in her flight,
And tame a hungry lion.

Agnes. Never trust me, Sadi, if he means not our guide.

Sadi. Answer to me to one point, and I can satisfy you.—Will he fly at a man that keeps him three seconds out of an ill-made bed?—Is he crazy?

Roque. Crazy!—Now do my fingers itch to beat this unmannerly morsel of dinginess.

Sadi. Hark ye, rough sir—Should occasion serve, I can go to cuffs with as good will as another.

Flor. Pr'ythee be calm, Roque—Now to answer thee—
He whom we seek—through wayward circumstance,
And crosses of the time—though, in the main,
His reason is most clear—will in some sort—
(We learn it on the skirts here of the mountain)
Start into passion—and his matter, then,—
Though method ever tempers his discourse,—
May seem, I fear, to those who know him not,
Like idle phantasy.

Sadi. Truly, such a description might suit this fiery gentleman, your follower, who starts into passion with little or no cause. But such a man have I seen—such a man, in pure kindness, has conducted us hither—and such a man is now within, in the hut here.

Flor. Here! Mercy, Heaven!

Roque. Nay, nay, bear up, lady! Our labour now will soon have an end. All will be well, I warrant; lead us in, my good fellow!

Sadi. Good fellow! This is one of your weathercock knaves, now, that point always as the wind veers. A sudden puff of my information has blown him round to civility. *(Aside.)* In, and I'll conduct you. We must wait a little while however, in the outward nook of the hovel; for to thrust ourselves suddenly into the presence of so moody a gentleman might haply offend his dignity. Come, Agnes.

Agnes. Have with you, Sadi.

Sadi. Nay, I would not budge an inch without thee, sweet! In, young sir, and I'll show thee.

Flor. Lead, and we'll follow.

Roque. Pray ye, be of good heart.

Flor. Well, well, I tremble sadly. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*Inside of a Goatherd's Cottage.*

Enter OCTAVIAN *and a* GOATHERD.

Goath. Neither food nor repose! well, 'tis strange! will nothing persuade you to take refreshment, gentle sir?

Octa. Nothing that thou canst say. Why, thou art old:
And 'tis the trick of age to proffer gifts,
Merely to tease the wretch that would accept them.

Goath. Nay, by our Lady!

Octa. Hark ye—ere now, there came a hoary cheat,
And placed before my eyes the richest fare

That ever tempted glutton. What dost think?
When I would taste, he whipt it from the board,
And thrust me forth to starve:—but he was fooled:
For then I drank huge draughts of sorrow down,
And banqueted on tears.

Goath. Mass! 'twas a sorry method of regaling! were I given to revelry, I would look for liquor of another brewage.

Octa. Thou'st look for anything to swell thy store,
Though thy full bags were bursting. Were the road
To one poor ducat paved with youthful hearts,
Sprinkle grey hairs upon a fellow's pate,
He'd trample o'er them all, to catch at it.
Where are thy children?

Goath. I have but one—one only daughter—and, alas! she has gone I know not whither! Pedro had had my consent to woo her, had he not been altogether poor; and now she has strayed away in despair, because I would not see her wed unhappily.

Octa. Why, 'twas well done. 'Twas justice on thy avarice,
To doom thyself to living purgatory;
And fix without thy breast the gnawing thought
That thou hast driven forth thy innocent child,
Through the wide globe, a friendless wanderer.
Oh, thou wilt thrive, now, in the shuffling crowd
Of this world's traffic! When the drover comes,
Sell him thy rotten goats, and rate them sound
As those of highest market. Cheat thy neighbour;
Fleece him, and fear not; glut thyself on plunder;
For thou art sunk so low in hell, for this,
There is no guilt in vice's catalogue
Can plunge thee deeper.
See who 'tis that knocks. *(A knocking without.)*

Goath. I will, sir; but I am not as you would picture me, for all your saying. I have not lived forty years on the credit of my cattle, to offer rotten rams for sale at this time of day, and pass them current.—I shall to the door, sir. [*Exit.*

OCTAVIAN *(pulls a portrait from his bosom).*

Out, bauble!—let me kiss thee! Sweet Floranthe!
When the cold limner drew thy semblance here,
How charmed I sat, to mark the modest flush
That virgin nature threw into thy face,
As the dull clod unmoved did stare upon thee,
To pencil out thy features' character!
Those times are past, Floranthe! Yet 'tis comfort
To bring remembrance full upon the eye:
'Tis soothing to a fond and care-worn heart,
To drop a tear on the loved lineaments
Of her it ne'er must hope to meet again!

Enter ROQUE.

Roque. Now know not I how to accost him. Poor gentleman! Times are sadly changed with him, since I saw him fresh and well-caparisoned, gazing on my young lady, in my old master's mansion, at Seville. I do not altogether think my heart is tough enough for my trade: it has too many soft places in it, and the misfortunes of another are apt to take the advantage of them, and disable me from fighting through the rough work of the world with firmness. Signior! do you not remember my countenance?

Octa. No: Providence has slubbered it in haste.
'Tis one of her unmeaning compositions
She manufactures when she makes a gross.
She'll form a million such—and all alike—
Then send them forth, ashamed of her own work,
And set no mark upon them. Get thee gone.

Roque. Get me gone! Ah! signior! the time has been when you would question old Roque kindly after his health, as he lifted up the latch to give you admittance to poor Donna Floranthe.

Octa. Thou hast shot lightning through me!
Art thou—stay!
That sound was thrilling music! Oh, Floranthe!
I thought not e'en the magic of thy name
Could make a heart so long benumbed with misery,
Leap as 't would burst its prison. Do not mock me;
If thou dost juggle now, I'll tear thee. Hold!
Ay, I remember; and as I peruse thee,
Past times rush in upon me with thy face;
And many a thought of happiness, gone by,
Does flash across my brain. Let me not wander;
Give me thy hand, Roque. I do know thy errand:
And 'tis of import, when thou journeyest thus
The trackless desert to seek sorrow out.
Thou comest to tell me my Floranthe 's dead.
But we will meet again, sweet! I will back
With thee, old honesty, and lay me down,
Heart-broke at last, beside her shrouded corse,
Kiss her cold cheek, then fly to her in heaven!

Roque. I would I were in the midst of a battle. I know not how 'tis —I have faced many a man in the field; but this is an engagement that makes my spirits sink down to my very heels. I do verily believe my courage, in my old age, begins to dwindle.

Octa. Tell me, old Roque! tell me, Floranthe's follower!
Shall we not, when the midnight bell has tolled,
Beguile the drunken sacrist of his key;
Then steal in silence, up the church's aisle,
To sprinkle cypress on her monument?

Roque. An' this hold, I shall blubber outright, like a female baby. I

must muster my own resolution, that I may rally his. Why, how now, signior, shame on this weakness! Were all to bend like you when they meet disappointment, I know not who in this jostling life would walk upright. Pluck up your manly spirits, signior! your Floranthe lives—ay, and is true to you. Now, by St. Dominick! I bring tidings that will glad you.

Octa. I pray you, do not sport with me, old man—
Jeer not the wretched. I have worn away
Twelve weary months in anguish: I have sat,
Darkling, by day in caverns—and, at night,
Have fixed my eyes so long upon the moon,
That I do fear my senses are in part
Swayed by her influence. I'm past jesting with.

Roque. I never, signior, was much given to jesting; and he who sports with the misfortunes of another, though he may bring his head into repute for fancy, does his heart little credit for feeling. I had rather be accounted a well-disposed dullard, than an excellent-witted knave. Rest you quiet, signior! Here is one waiting without, that I have brought along with me, who will comfort you. Nay, I pray you, now, be patient. If this be the work of bringing lovers together, Heaven give him joy who makes a trade on 't! for in fifty years that Time has clapped his saddle on my back, he never so sorely galled my old withers as now. [*Exit.*

Octa. Habit does much. I do begin to think,
Since grief has been so close an inmate with me,
That I have strained her nearer to my bosom
Than I *had* pressed her, had the checquered scene,
Which rouses man, who mixes with his kind,
Kept me from dotage on her. Our affections
Must have a rest; and sorrow, when secluded,
Grows strong in weakness. Pen the body up
In solitary durance, and, in time,
The human soul will idly fix its fancy
E'en on some peg, stuck in the prison's wall,
And sigh to quit it. Sure I am not mad!
Floranthe's lost; and since my stubborn frame
Will stand the tug—I'll to the heated world;
Fit mingler in the throng, miscalled society.

Enter FLORANTHE.

(A pause—he gazes on her for some time.)

What art thou?—speak—that face—yet this attire—
Floranthe! No—it cannot—Oh, good Heaven!
Vex not a poor weak creature thus! Floranthe!
How my sight thickens!—speak—

Flor. Octavian!

Octa. That voice! It is—so long too—let me clasp thee—
(Runs to meet her, staggers, and falls on his face.)

Flor. Oh! I did fear this—my Octavian—
To see thee thus! Why, Roque—Alas! Octavian,
Revive, or thou wilt kill me—'Tis Floranthe,
Thy own Floranthe—

Enter ROQUE *(who assists Octavian).*

Octa. *(Recovering.)* It has chanced, before,
That I have dreamt this; and when I awoke,
Big drops did stand upon my clay-cold front,
As they do now, the vision did so shake me.
'Tis there again—brain! brain! Why, ay, that hand—
Pray let me kiss it—Oh, 'tis she! 'Tis real—
For my strong pulse is still so sensible
To every touch of thine, that the sweet contact
Strikes certain to it; and now it throbs intelligence.
How comes this? Are you here to scoff me, lady?
Alas, Floranthe, I am sadly changed
Since last we parted!

Flor. Look not so wildly.
Scoff thee, Octavian! Ah, thou little knowest
How often I have wept away the night
With thinking on thy fortunes—but, alas!
I ne'er thought this! Oh! what hast thou endured!
Wand'ring, exposed, unsheltered!

Octa. Pish! that's nothing—
I heeded not the storm: Why, I remember,
When last the forked lightning struck me down,
I lay upon the rock, and smiled to see
The feeble malice of the elements.
'Tis here, here only, I am vulnerable.
(Pointing to his breast.)
I have been galled too deep within, Floranthe,
To think upon the petty sufferance
Felt by a holiday and silken fool,
When the rough tempest beats against his body.

Flor. You cut my heart across. Pray you, be comforted;
I will pour balm into thy bleeding wounds,
And heal them up for ever.

Octa. Get thee back—
He who would snatch thee from me, though he fell,
(Fell by this arm,) met not his death by me:
(I had not fled three days ere I did learn it:)
And sure thy father, whose delight it is
To torture faithful love, has given thee to him.
The thought does mad me; get thee to thy husband.

Flor. Then let me greet him here—for here, Octavian,
In firm and maiden holiness, I swear,
If *thou* dost never lead me to the altar,

My life shall waste in cloistered solitude;
And when the passing-bell proclaims me dead,
Our convent's votarists will chant their dirge,
To grace a virgin sister's funeral.

Octa. How's this? What, has thy father, then—impossible!
Does he relent?

Flor. Alas! he is no more;
(I needs must grieve, for still he was my father;)
And he who stood between thy love and thee,
Is wedded to another.

Octa. Art thou mine, then! (*Bursts into hysterical laughter.*)
Faith, I am very weak: pray pardon me,
'Tis somewhat sudden this—I am unused
To any touch of joy, and it o'ercomes me.
I shall weep soon, and then I shall be better.

Flor. Nay, calm thy spirits—pr'ythee now—

Octa. Well, well.
Look on me, sweet! my own beloved Floranthe.
Oh! many a time, in anguish, have I brought
That angel form before my fancy's eye,
Till my hot brain has driven me through the wild,
Daring, by night, the precipice's edge,
To clasp thy airy phantom. This repays me.
Oh! plunge me, deep, in Ætna's smoky gulph,
And I could wallow, calmly, in her fires,
Like lazy shepherds basking in the sun,
To hold thee thus at last!

Flor. Restrain this passion;
These starts do wear thee sadly.

Octa. Let us on.
As I do cool, I shudder at myself,
And look with horror, back, upon this waste,
Where, cheerless, I have strayed, shut out from man,
A solitary wild inhabitant.
Have with thee, sweet! I know each turn and thicket.
Already I have felt what 'tis to lose thee:
They take my life who tear thee from me now;
For death alone shall part us. Come, Floranthe!

SCENE IV.—*The Sierra de Ronda.*

Enter VIROLET, ZORAYDA, *and* KILMALLOCK.

Vir. I tell thee, thou dost lead us wrong, Kilmallock.
See, here we measure back the self-same steps
That we have trod before.

Kilm. Faith, count, then this falls out according to my old luck. How hard it is upon industrious travellers who follow their noses on a journey,

to find out that they have been only walking backwards after all. If the world do go round, as they say, certain it has taken a twist extraordinary in the night; else, the two sides of the mountain could never have fairly changed places.

Vir. Droop not, Zorayda—let not the crosses
We meet with in our way dishearten thee.
These difficulties ever make the sweets
We labour for, when once attained, seem sweeter
I pr'ythee, be of comfort.

Zor. I will strive
To keep my heart from sinking: yet these perils
Might shake a firmer spirit. As I slept,
I dreamt my father came to me in wrath,
And held a dagger o'er me.

Kilm. I seldom knew a woman go to sleep that she did not dream upon mischief. Of a truth, though, when a grim fellow flourishes his dagger before the closed eyes of a lady, it must make her lie a little uneasy. Well, it is no wonder we have, at last, lost our road; for the devil of anything like one is there in this whole abominable Sierra de Ronda.

Vir. Yon rock, which rises in a rugged spire,
O'ertopping his bleak fellows, does appear
The mountain's utmost summit. Could we climb it,
Perchance we might descry some distant town,
To serve us, as a beacon, on our way.

Kilm. By my soul, now, you have hit on't. What an advantage it is to a head to be gifted with brains I had pondered all day ere I had stumbled on such an expedient—which carries with it only one small objection.

Vir. What is't, Kilmallock?

Kilm. 'Tis so steep and perpendicular, that old Satan himself could never get up.

Vir. Tut, man, I warrant—we'll assist each other.

Kilm. Faith, and that's true again: but I defy any human creature living to master it alone, but a cat or a monkey.

Vir. Sure nought can harm her here—sweet, rest awhile:
Straight we will both return, and bring, I trust,
The clue to wind thee (ere the sun has set)
From this same briary labyrinth.

Zor. I pray you,
Wander not far, now; when I am alone,
I shall turn coward here.

Vir. Nay, nay, be patient.
'Tis for thy good, or sooth I would not leave thee.
Come, honest comrade, and I swear to thee,
On a rough soldier's word, I know not how
E'er to requite thy friendship.

Kilm. Pish, count! what, for scrambling up a rock! When I was a

greenhorn, I would have gone as far after a bird's nest. Oh! Saint Iago! may the man that falters to risk his neck for a friend and a female, in a mountain, break it while he's a boy climbing for eggs in an orchard.

[*Exeunt Virolet and Kilmallock.*

Zor. I know not why it is, at this our parting,
My blood should flow so chilly through my veins!
'Tis not fatigue; for I have slept. Is't fear?
Sure no—for I do most firmly trust
There is a Power to throw its sacred shield
Before the zealous follower of its laws,
And ward off every danger. I will rest me
'Till they come back again—for there is something,
Strange and unwonted, weighs upon my spirit,
Till my weak body totters. [*Rests on a bank.*

Enter BULCAZIN MULEY.

Bulc. Curses on them —
Fortune has poured her dregs of malice on me,
And packed these weak and halting knaves together
To check my expedition. Every Moor
Measures his swarthy length upon the ground:
Beneath each bush there lies a fainting soldier.
That Ganem too should drop! Oh! could I blow
One spark of a wronged father's rage among them,
The lusty band would march the world about,
As vigorously as the mountain deer
Will bound away a league. Still I will forward.
Should I o'ertake the changeling, plodding, now,
Her way with this same Christian runagate,
Were every limb unstrung with lassitude,
I think the loathsome sight would nerve my arm
To strike her dead before me. Soft! by Mahomet!
'Tis she; alone too—she seems weak and sinking.
Oh, my poor child! my stubborn, wayward child!
Shame on't! I shall forget my injuries!
Zorayda!

Zor. (Rising.) Oh, heaven and earth! my father!

Bulc. Ay—look on me—thou canst not! well, that's something!
There still is left some touch of shame within thee!
Tell me, thou viper—what is 't chokes me thus?
Oh! thou hast broke thy poor old father's heart!
My curses on thee! thy ingratitude,
Thy infamy! what made thee fly me?

Zor. Conscience—
The holy zeal that led me from thy house
Burns high within me, now;—that frown, my father,
Would kill me else.—'Tis true, I am your child!—
Stab me—I 'll kiss the hand that gives me death—

But I would languish ages out in torture,
Ere I would quit that heaven-directed path
The strong resistless movements of my soul
Do bid me follow.

Bulc. Why, 'tis bravely said——
Down, passion, down—our parley shall be brief—
One point, and I have done. Tell me, Zorayda;—
I'd have it from thy lips—for circumstance
May hang a doubt upon 't—and tell me true—
Is there a——pshaw! I cannot utter it:—
Hast a companion in thy flight?

Zor. My father,
I should disgrace the faith I follow now,
To utter falsehood to thee. There is one
Whose form and gallant bearing, I confess,
Captured my maiden fancy; he has strayed
Across this mountain with me: yet, I swear,
My thought is not so loose and idly bent
To dwell on outward show. I had ne'er followed him,
Had he not proved himself well schooled in honour,
And a right Christian.

Bulc. Pestilence and torture!
Dost own it, wretch? Thou hast disgraced in thee
Thy father's blood; and justice, which has slept,
Now rouses, and will shed it. *(Offers to kill her.)*

Enter Octavian, Floranthe, *and* Roque.

Oct. Ruffian, hold!
Advance thy arm the tithe part of a hair
To injure helpless woman, by my soul,
Prove but my weapon true thy turban'd head
Shall roll a trunkless ball upon the ground
For crows to peck at.

Bulc. Busy fool, begone!
Ye do seem Christian—and it shocks my sight
To look on any of your tribe—get hence—
Nor cross a father's vengeance on his child.
I could have pardoned her, had she not stooped
To mingle with thy herd; but she has fled
Our holy prophet's laws—fled, like a wanton,
To wander with a dog of thy persuasion.

Oct. Love and religion mingled! brighter flames
Ne'er glowed within a virgin beauty's bosom;
And thou wouldst smother them.—Thou 'rt a true father!
Wretch!—Should the savage spirit that gives strength
To twenty thousand Moors now brace thy sinews,
I 'd grapple with thee, thus, nor quit my hold

Till I had offered thee a sacrifice
On injured love's pure altar.

(They grapple—Octavian overthrows Bulcazin Muley.)

Zor. O heaven my father—my dear father, save him.

Enter VIROLET *and* KILMOLLOCK.

Vir. Zorayda—her father—stop thy hand—
'Twere better thou didst plunge thy weapon here,
Home to my very heart, than let it fall
On him thou hast o'erthrown.—By Heaven, it is
The lost Octavian

Oct. Thy word can charm me.
Thou art Floranthe's brother—and I swear
For no man else could I restrain the transport
That gushes on my soul, when I have pulled,
At last, one flinty father to my feet,
Who tears the bands of virtuous love asunder,
And strews his children's path with thorns.

[*Gives the scimitar to Virolet.*

Vir. (to Bulc.) Sir, this which I restore into your hand,
I fear me, in my absence, has been raised
Receive it now against a daughter's life:
He for whose sake you would bereave her of it
Is bred in Christian faith—and it does teach him
To shelter yours, and, in the hour of anguish,
To offer succour to his enemy.

Kilm. Spoke, Count, like a noble gentleman. Oh let a Christian alone for a good action—he 'll do you twenty in a breath without preaching—when a Mussulman will shut up his Koran to go kick his fellow-creatures about like a parcel of foot-balls.

Bulc. Christian, it seems I owe my life to thee;
'Tis a vast debt that thou hast heaped upon me,
And I have now a something working here
Does urge me to requite thee—Trust me, Christian,
The rough and dusky bosom of a Moor
Does carry feeling in it. My Zorayda,
My child, come hither to me—Oh, this struggle
Zorayda, thy mother once was Catholic—
Her nature haply rises in thee—Well,
I see 'twere vain to check it. Take her, Christian,
But speak not to me now—my heart is full.
I will as far as Ronda with thee—there
We may confer more calmly.

Zor. Oh, my father

Vir. This is a gift indeed

Kilm. Oh! it does a man good to see kindness stealing into the breast of a Mussulman I fancy a Moor's heart isn't much prone to melting—

but when once it begins, faith it keeps giving way by degrees, like a cold thaw.

Flor. And now our tossing passions have a pause,
Here let me greet a brother.

Vir. Can it be?

Roque. Ay, by my faith, my young master, we are all met—and a cross dance we have had on't to bring us together—but my old heart bounds at the meeting.

Vir. My sister, and Octavian too —'tis strange
How comes this?

Flor. By your patience, gentle brother:
'Tis a long tale we must deliver thee.
Yours we would know too—as we journey on,
We will discourse upon't—meantime, be sure
Our travel ends in peace and honour.

Vir. Prove
But this, Floranthe, ev'ry way I'm blest.

Flor. Rest satisfied.

Enter SADI *and* AGNES.

Sadi. Nay, come on, Agnes—With thee under one arm, and a flagon under t'other, a fig for mountains, and let the world wag.

Agnes. Mercy, here's a goodly company —The Lady Zorayda—O happy day

Sadi. And my old master, the Moor, by all the saints in Christendom

Vir. Peace, honest fellow, now thou meet'st all friends;
Let that content you.

Sadi. An' a man be not content when he meets all friends, I know not what will satisfy him—and that friends may not sunder again, here comes a whole posse of goatherds at our heels, going our road towards the foot of the mountains.

Oct. Then let us on; and when the shepherd tunes
His rustic pipe along the mountain's side,
We will beguile the way as we recount
Each turn that Fortune in her sport has marked,
As she has led us through Love's labyrinth.

(Enter Goatherds and other pastoral Characters, male and female.)

FINALE.

As we Goatherds trudge along,
O'er the mountain bleak and brown,
Merrily we troll the song,
Till we reach the distant town.

With scrip and wine that sparkling smiles,
The dreary journey each beguiles;
Thro' cold and heat, thro' sun, thro' snow,
We sing, to market as we go.

CHORUS. As we Goatherds, &c.

And each, a female by his side,
(Wedded wife or wished-for bride,)
Cheerily descends the dale,
Whisp'ring soft a true-love tale.

CHORUS. As we Goatherds, &c.

Blest be ev'ry faithful pair;
May no rigid fires control
In the bosoms of the fair
The pure emotions of the soul!

CHORUS. Thus we Goatherds, &c.